Campbell Interurban Press

VOLUME 20, No. 30 — CAMPBELL, SANTA CLARA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA — FRIDAY, JANUARY 29, 1915

Patronize Home Industry

Start the New Year right, by buying your supplies in Campbell. If we do not have just what you want we can soon get it for you.

We keep always on hand a fresh supply and a good quality of

Teas, Coffees and Canned Goods

Butter, Cheese and Eggs

Toilet and Laundry Soaps, Washing Powder

Anything Needed in the Kitchen

Farmers Union

It is a well known fact that dirt CANNOT be removed from milk by straining as there is a great deal of it immediately goes into solution, but we maintain that it can be Very Effectively Kept Out by proper methods of milking and handling.

We wish to say that we use the utmost care in producing for our customers a pure and sanitary product.

If you feel the need of pure milk of good quality, give us a trial. Milk delivered in BOTTLES morning and evening.

ORANGE GROVE FARM

F. O. & K. U. BOHNETT, Lessees

"Quality Products" — Phone Campbell 22F4

THE BANK BOOK

Will Bring Contentment and Success

THE BANK OF CAMPBELL

Campbell, California

Commercial - Savings

It will surprise your wife, as well as yourself how rapidly your account will grow when once you've started it, and add to it constantly.

A man's wife has much to do with his success or failure. If she is thrifty his fortune is half made. If she is extravagant, success will come slowly if at all. Hundreds of thrifty wives carry savings accounts with this bank, where women are always welcome.

Make Our Bank Your Bank

NURSERY TREES

Best Grade of all Kinds of Nursery Stock

See Us Before Buying Elsewhere

PRICES REASONABLE

P. B. PAYNE, Agt. — Campbell, Cal.

Lest You Forget

My system of procedure in examining eyes will expose any optical defect I care not what the complications may be nor how long standing. If you want to be *sure* that your eyes get the glasses they *need* come to me at Dr. Merrill's office Monday, Feb. 15, or to my office in San Jose.

W. E. Wyett, Optometrist.

Office 11-12 Ryland Block, San Jose.

Phone S. J. 1899

Josef Halamicek

Teacher of Piano, Violin, Organ and Harmony. Private and Class lessons. For information and rates of tuition. Phone: Campbell 18F12.

Studio: B. O. Curry Building

Residence: Campbell, Santa Clara and Los Gatos road cor. Parr ave. Phone Campbell 18F12.

Campbell's Stationer

Will be pleased to do your printing.

HARRY C. SMITH

Local and Personal

"The Quality Shop" that's us, KING'S.

Conklin Self-Filler Non-Leakable fountain pens at Smith's.

Bees wanted—Will exchange laying pullets for bees. 48 Dillon Ave.

Sewing done by the day or at home. See MRS. MARY PALMER.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Powell drove to San Francisco Monday in their Overland car.

A new assortment of those popular Conklin fountain pens just arrived at Smith's Stationery Store.

Thos. Mendel went to San Francisco Tuesday to enjoy the salt air and sightsee for a few days.

Sibley Dawley was over from Saratoga Tuesday viewing the local sights under the guidance of Bob Kennedy.

J. C. Lloyd returned Saturday from Waitsburg, Washington, where he was called by the death of his father, Jan. 5.

To fully appreciate the Value of a Waukerz Shoe a pair must be worn. We therefore invite you to purchase, believing you will thereafter become a regular customer $4.00 to $5.00.

THE CAMPBELL SHOE STORE.

Moreland Good Will Club will hold its annual masque ball Friday, Feb. 12. Music will be furnished by McDonald's orchestra. Refreshments served. The regular admission of 25 cents will be charged.—Adv.

The regular meeting of the Home and School Club will be held at the Grammar School Tuesday, Feb. 2nd, at 3 o'clock. Everyone is cordially invited to come. Subject—A New School House, and Bonds.

R. G. Dunning has completed the construction of the new fire-house and some of the boys of the department moved the apparatus into its new quarters last week. Now the department is casting about for other improvements, the principal one being a better pressure system.

WANTED—One of the large magazine publishing houses desires to employ an active man or woman in this community to handle a special plan which has proven unusually profitable. Good opening for right party. Address with two references, Publisher, Box 155, Times Sq. Sta., New York City.

For the purpose of experimenting in Santa Clara county, Hon. E. A. Hayes will order samples of Sudan grass, Milo and Peruvian alfalfa seed sent to those who will send him a postal card requesting the samples. This seed will be furnished free on request and as some have asked concerning Sudan grass this will afford an opportunity for a trial.

Harry Finley of Saratoga had a bit of ill-luck last week. Fire started from his vulcanizer and before long had destroyed his garage, woodshed, five passenger Ford car, tank-house and water tank. Luckily the tank fell away from the house and no damage was done the home. The furniture had all been taken out of the house into a drenching rain.

Methodist Men's Muster Met

The latest entertainment organization in Campbell is the Methodist Men's Muster and may it live long and prosper. Tuesday evening the committee entertained about 60 of the men of the community who had assembled in answer to invitations issued. The early part of the evening was given over to a formal program of entertainment, which was followed by a service of refreshments.

The program follows:

Remarks by the chairman, Prof. Snow.
Violin Solo. . . . . Robert Scholz
Warren White, accompanist
Dialect Readings . . . . E. E. Lanphear
Address on Alaska. . . . . W. W. Powell
Male Quartett . . . . . Messrs. Cramer, Kammerer, Graves and Herrington
Several Monologues . . . F. H. Weld of Evergreen

The party then moved to the tables, where, after prayer by the pastor and the doxology sung by all, refreshments were enjoyed. The quartett gave another number and Mr. Weld impersonated "Uncle Josh" for the boys, after which the company sang "Auld Lang Syne" and departed homeward.

These fellowship gatherings will be held about every three months in charge of a committee of five men who will arrange the program and refreshments in every detail. The new committee is composed of Messrs. J. D. Blaine, I. W. Snow, E. R. Kennedy, C. J. Ludwig and C. P. Herrington.

The general feeling of sociability was so apparent that it is safe to say that every man who attended this will look forward with pleasure and hope to be on hand next time.

Efficiency Fellowship Meetings

Geo. E. Atkinson, of the Congregational church, will be busy all next week in the Efficiency Meetings of the Congregational churches. He is leader of one of the teams appointed for this Association. Each team will hold afternoon and evening meetings with each church. The afternoon session being in the nature of Conferences on "Plans and Church Efficiency." Strong addresses in the evening. The Campbell Church date is Wednesday, Feb. 3. In the evening Mr. Palmer of Pacific Grove will speak, also the Moderator of the California Conference will give an address. A Fellowship luncheon at 6 o'clock. Every one is most cordially invited to attend the evening service especially as well as the Conferences.

Pioneer Passed Away

J. F. Payne, well known pioneer of Santa Clara valley, passed away Monday morning at his residence on Payne avenue, near Campbell, after an illness of several weeks.

He was born March 20, 1833, near Hudson City, Duchess county, N. Y., where his boyhood was passed. The early gold excitement in California proved a strong magnet to the young man and in 1854 he landed in San Francisco, via Panama.

After passing four years in Tuolumne mining, the possibilities of agriculture appealed to him more strongly and in 1858 he settled on the west side of Santa Clara valley near Stevens creek.

In 1870 he married Miss Phebe E. McClellan, daughter of William McClellan, one of the pioneers of '49.

Shortly after, Mr. Payne moved to his present home on Payne avenue near Campbell where he has resided over 40 years.

Mr. Payne is survived by his widow and five children, George C., Perley B., Gertrude E., Louise and J. Howard Payne.

Mr. Payne was always of an optimistical turn, as his many friends will recall. He was generous to the needy and had a rare faculty of making and keeping many friends.

In the passing of Mr. Payne, Santa Clara loses one of her oldest and most widely known citizens, leaving a vacancy among those who knew him so well, that is deeply felt.

Fast Fives

One of the fastest and snappiest games ever played on the local basket-ball court was the contest between the senior and sophomore classes.

The first half ended in a 16 to 18 score favoring the seniors and the second half closed 15 to 15.

On the senior team there were but two of the regular team men, Righter and Fablinger and the sophomores were all players on one of the school teams. This will serve as a basis on which to stake our hopes for a fast five next year. Some of the best regular men are not in these classes and were not in the game.

The line-up follows:

Seniors		Sophomores
Righter	forward	E. Kennedy
L. Lenc	forward	C. Feathers
Fablinger	center	E. Downing
I. Cox	guard	J. Huntley
C. Kennedy	guard	H. Oliver

P. B. Payne Resigns

P. B. Payne has severd his connection with the Farmers Union Packing Co. as manager after about 7 years of continuous service. Mr. Payne was one of the first who early in 1909 was instrumental in starting the Union in this County, and the Union's first Packing House was located at Campbell, and as Mr. Payne was an experienced fruit man he was put in charge of the Union's plant here, and has had charge of its affairs here ever since. Early in 1912 he prevailed upon the members that a new and modern building was a very necessary asset and after no little work on his part, he finally got the members together and today's building was the result. Mr. Payne feels that a short rest will do him no harm, and he will in the future give his time to his own interests which include the Orchard City Canning Co, of which he is President and Manager, and his interests in the Payne Orchards on Payne Avenue.

Mr. Payne leaves the Farmers Union, with the regret of the members, but with their best wishes for his future business. he still retains his interests and directorship in the Company.

Mr. Geo. S. Robson has been chosen by the directors to take Mr. Payne's place.

Highland Linen correspondence cards are tasty. Smith has them.

? ? ? ?

DO YOU LIKE OLIVES?

Caripo Brand Ripe Olives

—no better flavored olives than these can be found any where, at any price—They are "Made in California."

We Have Just Received Our First Invoice Of Caripo Olives—They will please you.

Sold in bulk at 25c a quart—15c a pint

Blaine's Grocery

and

General Merchandise Store

C. H. WHITMAN

Hardware — Plumbing

Surface Irrigation Pipe

Building Paper — Poultry Netting

Wedgeood Stoves and Ranges

Ready Mixed Paints & Oils, Glass etc.

Campbell — Phone 11J

FIRE - FIRE - FIRE

Do not wait until it is too late, but see

GEO. E. HYDE & CO. Phone 34J

START 1915

By Buying Your Goods in Campbell.

Help boost, don't knock. If you have any kick

See Beall. If you haven't any kick

SEE BEALL

anyway

Lumber — Lumber

ALL KINDS at the right PRICES

Campbell Lumber Co.

Phone 13L

Agents for:—

Mt. Diablo Cement

REDWOOD TANKS

All ready to set up, direct from S. F. mills to our yard. Few days notice.

Small orders receive the same attention as large ones.

We are anxious to serve and TO PLEASE.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

MILL WORK OF ALL KINDS.

BREAD

Save Money by Buying Tickets

6 Loaves 25c

Phone your orders to phone 3L

Campbell Bakery

WANTED

at the

Campbell Market

Campbell — California

Your beef Cattle Hogs & Calves

A. S. Gilson, Prop.

Christian Science Services

In Odd Fellows' Hall every Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock. Subject for Jan. 31st. is "Love." Sunday-School at 12:15. The public is cordially invited.

Fancy Box Stationery at Smith's

Campbell Interurban Press
HARRY C. SMITH
Campbell - - - California

HAD FAITH IN LETTER

JOHN FELT EPISTLE SHOULD WIN LADY LOVE.

At Any Rate, If It Didn't, Swain Announced Very Decidedly That No Further Attempt Would Be Made by Him.

Drifting into town a homeless waif, John Henderson had grown to manhood, and by thrift and hard work had acquired a small farm and built a neat cottage.

One day John called on Squire Olcott, and being a man of few words, expressed himself thus: "Squire, you know I came to this town a poor boy, you know I have made friends of everybody here, you know I have saved my money and bought a farm and built a house, you know I am thirty and have a bank account."

"Yes," said the squire, "all you say is true."

"Well, squire, I want to get married."

"Good for you, John. Who's the lady?"

"You ain't never noticed a nice little black-eyed schoolteacher passin' up the street every day, have you? Well, that's her."

"I suppose you have her consent and the affair is all arranged," suggested the squire.

"Well, no, not exactly; that is what I want you to do for me. I have never spoken to the lady in my life."

The squire, with a hearty laugh, said: "Where do I come in?"

"Don't laugh, squire. This is a serious thing. I want you to write her a letter. Tell her about my being a poor boy, how I have worked early and late and saved my money, how I bought the farm and built the house, and how I want her to—to—ah—to be my wife," and here John stopped, the blushes coloring his honest, tanned face to the roots of his hair.

So the old squire, who was a past master in the art of letter writing, spent a long time in composing the letter, while John patiently waited. Finally it was finished, and the squire said: "Perhaps I had better read it to you, and if it is wrong in any particular you can say so, and I will change it to suit your ideas."

So he read the letter, and it was a beautiful statement of John's life, his work, his desires, his accomplishments, about his farm and little cottage. So realistic was it that long before its close John was deeply distressed and big tears rolled down his cheeks.

"How will that do?" asked the squire as he finished reading.

"Do?" said John. "Do? It's just splendid!" Then, with a sudden burst of tears and candor, he blurted out: "Squire, if that letter don't fetch her, she—she—she can go to blazes!" —Mack's Monthly Magazine.

"Souvenirs."

There was a crowd of French villagers round the driving seat of the motor truck, writes a reporter to the Daily Mail. "Will yer get out of this, yer little imps!" came in familiar cockney tones from under the shadow of the hood. "I tell yer, yer can't have it—not for a souvenir, nor nothink.

"Ah, thank 'evings, there's someone in this country that can speak English, any'ow," went on the voice as I interrupted it, and then the face of a London omnibus driver peered out from under the tilt to welcome me.

"What is the matter?" I said.

"Matter!" was the plaintive answer. "Why, a girl's taken the A. S. C. badge off me shoulder strap, and now that little French boy there wants to unroll me putties. 'Souvenir'—that's what they keep on saying."

In the Day of Love.

If men are just to each other they will love each other without effort or coaching, because of the justice they receive. They will not need to be taught to love each other. Men are taught that now because they find it impossible to love the man who is exploiting him or depriving him of his due in any sense, either as exploiting, slave-driving employer or competitor in business or labor.

And that, by the way, is exactly the reason why teaching men to love one another as they love themselves, if not a failure in 2,000 years of trial, has not been the success the teachers have hoped. For, how can men love each other when their principal business is to cheat each other? It can't be done. It ought not to be expected. Men simply can't love each other under these conditions.—Exchange.

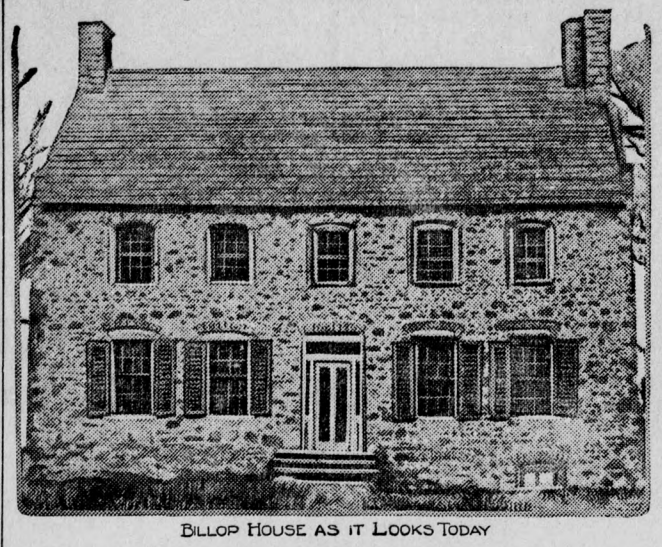
Extremes.

The man making money in a small town up the state met a friend not making money in New York—there are a few there in that class—and they were talking of their respective places of residence.

"I tell you what it is," said the rural visitor in a woeful tone, "it's terrible to have a lot of money and live where you can't spend it."

"Oh, I don't know," responded the impecunious city man. "I guess it isn't any more terrible than not to have a lot of money and live where you can spend it."

Oldest House in New York



BILLOP HOUSE AS IT LOOKS TODAY

If the efforts of certain patriotic societies are successful, the state of New York will purchase and preserve the historic Billop house at Tottenville, Staten Island. It is one of the few remaining relics of colonial times within the limits of Greater New York.

Not only has this venerable mansion the distinction of being the oldest house in New York state, but within its walls was enacted one of the most stirring incidents of the Revolution. For it was here, on September 11, 1776, that Lord Howe, representing the British government, had an interview with Benjamin Franklin of Pennsylvania, John Adams of Massachusetts and Edward Rutledge of South Carolina, delegates from the American congress, then sitting in Philadelphia. Upon the result of this meeting the fate of the Revolution largely depended.

About three weeks previously Washington's army had been defeated in the battle of Long Island and the outlook for the American cause was discouraging. It was then that Lord Howe, convinced that the colonists were ready to lay down their arms, proposed a conference on neutral ground and the Billop house was selected as the place of meeting. This was the only peace conference attempted during the Revolution and its failure marked the parting of the ways between Great Britain and the American colonies.

Story of the Conference.

Some interesting facts concerning this momentous interview have been preserved in the Revolutionary records. The delegates, we learn, spent two days in traveling from Philadelphia to Perth Amboy, where Lord Howe's barge was in readiness to receive them. A gentlemanly officer of the British grenadiers who met the delegates offered to remain as hostage for their safe return, but Adams remarked, "This is childish; we want no such pledge." The other delegates agreed and at their request the officer embarked with them and crossed to Staten Island.

Lord Howe walked down to the water's edge as the barge approached, and, perceiving his officer with the committee, called out: "Gentlemen, you pay me a very high compliment, and you may depend upon it I will consider it the most sacred of things."

He shook hands warmly with Franklin, whom he had known in London, and who introduced his companions. Then they walked up to the old house between the lines of grenadiers, conversing pleasantly together.

For several weeks the house had been occupied by soldiers, and was as dirty as a stable, but one of the front rooms had been cleaned and with moss and green branches was converted into a delightful bower. Here a luncheon of "good claret, bread, cold ham, tongues and mutton was immediately served." After this, the British commissioner opened the conference, expressing his attachment to America and declaring that "should America fall he should feel and lament it like the loss of a brother." With graceful ease Franklin replied ironically: "My lord, we will use our utmost endeavor to spare you that mortification."

John Adams' Independence.

Howe stated his position in flowing language, and asked the delegates if they were willing to lay aside their distinction as members of the congress and converse as individuals upon the outline of a plan to stay the calamities of war. They assented, Adams exclaiming with his usual impetuosity: "Your lordship may consider me in any character you please, excepting that of a British subject."

The conversation lasted about four hours, but it came to nothing, excepting that it convinced the patriots the fight for independence would have to be continued to the bitter end. Howe was found to be wholly devoid of authority to treat with the colonists on the basis of independence, and neither party could make definite propositions or promises. They separated with the utmost show of courtesy, Howe remarking as he bade the delegates adieu, "I am sorry, gentlemen, that you have had the trouble of coming so far to so little purpose."

The consequence of Mr. Adams' display of independence at this famous interview was subsequently apparent when his name was published in a list of unpardonable rebels. It must have been humiliating in the extreme to the pride and arrogance of George the Third's government to be obliged to receive this proscribed rebel as the first minister plenipotentiary of the United States of America.

House Built in 1673.

The old house, solidly built of stone and brick in the early colonial style, faces Staten Island sound, and is about half a mile south of the present village of Tottenville. It was built about 1673 by Christopher Billop, a sturdy English sea captain, who owned a small ship called the Bentley, which settled an interesting dispute.

In 1668 there was a controversy regarding the ownership of Staten Island, and to settle it the duke of York decided that if the island could be circumnavigated within twenty-four hours it should remain in his jurisdiction, otherwise it should belong to New Jersey. Billop undertook the task of sailing round the island, and accomplished it within the 24 hours, thus securing it for the duke. In return for the service he was granted 1,163 acres at the extreme end of the island, which was called, after his ship, the Manor Bentley. The village of Tottenville, which occupies a part of the original estate, was originally known as Bentley manor.

While living on his estate Billop was appointed subcollector of the port of New York, but, like some office holders of modern times, he lost his position through "making offensive political speeches in public." In disgust he retired to his estate, where he lived until 1682, when he sailed for England in his ship, which was lost on the voyage.

His daughter, Eugenia, married her cousin, Thomas Farmar, who assumed the name of Billop. During the Revolution his son commanded a regiment of loyalists, the family being pronounced Tories. For this reason they were declared traitors, and at the close of the Revolution the estate was confiscated, and the Billops moved to Canada.

After its forfeiture the property was purchased by Philip Van Cortlandt in 1794. Since that time it has passed through several hands, until only a small part of the original estate remains. The present owner is Charles Leland, a retired New York banker.

Old Mansion Little Changed.

The old mansion, which has weathered the storms of nearly two and a half centuries, looks strong enough to last another century. Little change has been made in it since it was built. Its quaint rooms still contain the deep embrasured windows, with small-paned sashes, and curious cupboards, built into the walls. At the right of the entrance is the room where the Revolutionary peace conference took place. The kitchen, in the basement, has a fireplace the entire width of the house, in which several logs of tree size can easily be placed. In the middle is a long crane of hand-wrought iron holding two enormous kettles.

Under the main entrance there is a dark cellar, where, tradition says, Revolutionary patriots were confined and ill treated by the Tory Billops. Near the house are some oaks with gnarled trunks, looking centuries old, beneath which British soldiers once made their camp.

Like all old houses, the Billop mansion has its fancied ghosts. One of these is said to be the restless spirit of a British grenadier, killed near by in a skirmish between loyalists and revolutionists.

The other "ha'nt" is the spirit of a Billop, a beautiful bride, murdered by her husband in a fit of jealousy about one hundred and sixty years ago. Her body was said to have been buried on the threshold, and, strangely enough, a skeleton was dug up there some years ago and reinterred in the family burial plot adjoining the house. Here may be seen several moss-covered stones, with half-oblitered inscriptions, dating from colonial times.

Well Provided For.

Mrs. Emberg—I suppose the little Neurich baby has everything in the way of toys?

Mrs. Watkins—Yes, it even has a rattle-headed girl for a nurse.—Puck.

Not Necessarily.

"Pop, tell me one thing."

"What is that, son?"

"Do windfalls come from cloud bursts?"

AFTER THE WRECK

By ARTHUR CLEVES.

Jim Driscoll found himself upon his feet, staring at the wreck of the train in which he had been traveling. All about him lay the dead and injured, and the carriages, which were beginning to catch fire, illumined the night with a lurid glare.

It was in the middle of the mountain district of Pennsylvania. Driscoll had left his little town in Illinois to go to New York. It was his first journey in ten years. A discovery of oil upon his property had given him the promise of wealth, and he had set out to negotiate with a company.

Jim Driscoll, at fifty, was reputed the crabbedest old man in Boxville. If Mary and he had had children he might have discovered that life is not wholly a vale of tears. As it was, he was a town character. He knew it, too; knew that Mary shrank from him and feared him, though loyalty kept her to him; knew that his presence anywhere chilled the mirth, that the children hated him, that his neighbors avoided him.

He gloried in it. He had the reputation of a vindictive man, and he gloried in that. He was close-fisted, hard as nails, and he hugged his sinister reputation to his heart,

The wreck had come suddenly. It had unsettled him. Of course, he was not going to interest himself in any of the injured. That was not Driscoll's way. But the physical shakeup had unsettled the habits of years, and for the first time in years Driscoll began to take stock of himself.

His thoughts were changed by hearing a child's cry at his side. Stooping down, he saw a pretty little girl of eight or nine years, lying beside the track. Near her lay the body of a man. He had been killed in the disaster, and the girl, who seemed only slightly injured, was stretching out her arms to him and sobbing.

Beneath his hard exterior Driscoll had a heart tender in one respect. He loved children. That was why he scowled at them, to hide his feelings.

Opened His Eyes and Stared Into His Wife's Face.

If Mary and he could have had a child like that!

He spoke gruffly to the little girl, but she did not seem to notice his presence. And at last, with a shrug of the shoulders, Driscoll turned his back on her.

He started away—not in the direction of New York, however, but back toward his home. A new idea had come to him. He would pretend that he had been killed in the wreck, and return home secretly, to discover what people were saying about him. He anticipated the jeers, the scoffing and congratulations, and his own triumph when he suddenly appeared in the midst of them.

The news of the disaster had spread rapidly, and, five miles down the line, Driscoll passed a wrecking train, with a medical car attached. Behind it, along the wayside track, there came a man in a buggy, who pulled up his sweating steed.

"Have you seen the wreck?" he shouted.

"Yes," answered Driscoll. "I was aboard. My friend, Jim Driscoll, was killed, and that's enough for me. Are you a reporter?"

"Yes, I'm a newspaper man," answered the other. "Give me a short account while I rest my horse. Quick!"

"I will if you'll put Jim Driscoll down as dead," answered Driscoll. "Say Jim Driscoll of Boxville, Ill., was killed by breaking his neck, because I'm not a-going to break the news to his family."

The bargain was struck and Driscoll gave the other a five minutes' account of the wreck. Then he hurried along the line.

He caught a branch train at the junction, and finally, about eight o'clock the next evening, attired in a shabby suit which he had purchased at a pawnbroker's, he made his way in the dark through the streets of Boxville. Nobody who passed in the gathering darkness recognized Driscoll in the shabby, slouching stranger.

He pushed open the garden gate and crept to the outside of the parlor window. Inside he saw a small crowd of neighbors, but his wife was not there.

"It'll be a hard blow for Mary," one of the crowd was saying. "Poor Jim!"

Driscoll recognized him as the local druggist, with whom he had been on bad terms for years. He clenched his fists. He hated the man's hypocrisy even more than himself.

"Now there's many talks against Jim, but he wasn't such a bad fellow," broke in the shoemaker. He was a man named Austin, with whom Driscoll had had a feud of several months' standing, on account of a business misunderstanding. "When a man's cranky folks makes allowances for him. I tell you, a man who can keep the love of a woman like Mary Driscoll must have some good in him—it stands to reason."

"It's a pity there wasn't no children," sighed Miss Hemans, the sister of the butcher. "That's what ate into their hearts like acid. But I guess that if he lives Mary Driscoll will be so overjoyed that life'll take on a happier look for her."

"No chance of his recovering, is there?" asked Austin.

"A small one," said the butcher. "The doc says that if he recovers consciousness he'll most likely get well. It seems there's a splinter of bone pressing on his brain, and they can't tell how much it's injured him. If he recovers consciousness, the brain's all right; if he don't—well, he won't, that's all."

"Did Mary Driscoll write that?" asked another.

"Sure. She wrote to Miss Hemans here."

Jim Driscoll was conscious of mingled emotions. The first was of shame and humiliation. Of all the neighbors gathered there, not one had a bad word for him. But the second was of disgust. Could it be possible that his wife had gone to the hospital and actually mistaken another man for himself?

Or was somebody lying? That was a more probable explanation. Of course! It was a lie. His impulse was to run into the room, but he restrained himself, and he heard another speaker say:

"I tell you, Miss Hemans, when I saw Mary Driscoll start off this morning, she looked actually pretty in that black dress of hers, in spite of her sorrow. She was crying, and she couldn't hide it, but she looked like a girl again. Sorrow seems to bring back the youth in some people."

"She's had sorrow enough," broke in the first sneering voice that Driscoll had heard. "Living with a man like Jim is enough to make any woman wish she was dead."

Driscoll knew the speaker. He was the cashier of the local bank, and about the only friend he had in Boxville. And the sudden realization of the fellow's treachery almost unnerved the watcher at the window.

He, Driscoll, had been so wrapped up in his hatred and moodiness that he had never been able to tell his true friends from the false ones. He had acted like a fool. An overwhelming sense of remorse came over him. If he could see Mary now, and tell her what a fool he had been!

And, unable longer to restrain himself, he sprang for the door, opened it, and rushed into the parlor.

"I'm here, and I've heard every word!" he shouted to the assembly. "You, Mr. Nevins—" he turned to the cashier—"were my best friend, and you can walk right out of my house and never come—"

"Well, Jim Driscoll was a good man in his way," said Miss Hemans, wiping her eyes.

They had not heard him! Nobody had heard or noticed him! And, even as he stood there, bewildered, Nevins walked straight into him—and through him!

In an instant Driscoll understood. He was dead! He had died in the collision, and he was in his own home in the spirit, while the mangled flesh lay—in the hospital, no doubt, where his patient wife was watching!

"I agree with you, Miss Hemans," the butcher answered.

Jim Driscoll turned slowly away, and, with the realization that his last chance to redeem his life was gone, an agonizing sense of hopelessness crushed him.

"Jim!"

Jim Driscoll opened his eyes and stared into his wife's face.

"O, thank God, Jim! You are conscious. You are going to get well. Jim, God has answered my prayers. I have prayed for you night and day these ten days past, and the doctor said if you knew me again you would recover. Jim, my dear—Jim, O, my dear!"

And, kneeling at the bedside she flung her arms round the sick man's neck.

"Jim, everyone is talking about it," she said later.

"About what?" whispered Driscoll feebly.

"The little girl in the next bed—look at her, Jim! Don't you remember? You pulled her from beneath the car which had fallen on her father and killed him. Nobody knows how you freed her, but it fell back on your head and injured you terribly. And, Jim—"

Driscoll could read the hope in his wife's eyes.

"Yes, my dear," he answered, patting her hand. "If you like, Mary."

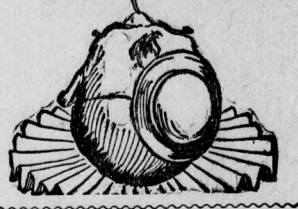
"You'll adopt her, Jim? She has nobody in the world."

And that time Mary Driscoll read the answer in his.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

We admire a man who always laughs at our jokes, and never tells any of his own.

ON THE FUNNY SIDE



HUSBAND NOT AN OPTIMIST

Aunt Matty Could Stand for Considerable Laziness, but Placed Ban on Newfangled Religions.

"How is your husband?" asked Mrs. Wells of her colored washwoman.

"Poorly, mighty poorly, ma'am. He's laid up with a misery in his back, but he says he's mighty glad it ain't no toothache. He never could stand toothache."

"Too bad!" sympathized the lady. "Did the clothes fit him that my husband sent over?"

"No'm," was the regretful reply. "No'm, they didn't. They was too big. He had to gib them to his brother Eph. He was mighty glad they fit Eph, though."

"Dear me! I'm sorry the clothes did not fit him. Has he worked any lately?"

"No'm, he ain't. 'Pears like he cain't get no work. Says he's glad, though, that times is gettin' better."

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Wells, greatly interested. "Your husband must be a regular optimist."

"No, indeed, he ain't," denied Aunt Matty, indignantly. "He's a Methodist, an' if he was to jine any of them newfangled religions I'd get a divorce."—Judge.

The Unresented Personality.

"What are your friend's qualifications for the appointment you wish me to obtain for him?" inquired Senator Sorghum.

"Well," replied the political plugger, "he hasn't any special ability."

"Do you call lack of ability a qualification?"

"No. But it's an advantage. A man who hasn't ability can make friends without creating envy, and everybody is rather pleased to see him get helped along at public expense."

Explaining an Escape.

"Were you ever among cannibals?" asked Miss Silligal.

"Yes," replied the constant traveler.

"And they didn't have you for dinner?"

"Certainly not. Let me see, I met some cannibals just before Easter."

"Oh, I see. How lucky for you that you met them during Lent!"

'Tis a Cold World.

"After a man has held office for a number of years and then becomes a back number in politics he is seldom able to earn a living."

"That's true. He's almost as helpless as the man whose wife has conducted a successful boarding house for a long time and dies suddenly of heart disease."

AMBIGUOUS.

Mrs. Skolder—I would have stayed away longer, but I didn't think you could afford it.

Skolder — Nonsense, my dear, I would have willingly borrowed money to have had you stay away longer.

The Second Stage.

"Young Gadson and Miss Doppel have reached the second stage of their courtship."

"What is that?"

"They have stopped playing the Victrola and have started to reading poetry together."

Had Trained.

Mrs. Datus—Do you find your gymnasium work helpful?

Mrs. Artigue—Helpful. Why, this morning I was the first one to reach a bargain counter out of a bunch of one hundred starters.—New York World.

But No Vegetables Thrown.

"How did you enjoy the roof garden last night?"

"The show was the worst truck ever."

"Sort of a truck garden, eh?"

A Big Influence

It is surprising the wonderful influence good digestion has on your general health. It not only promotes strength, but also keeps the liver active and bowels open. Therefore, watch the digestion and as soon as any weakness is manifested resort to

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

PATENT ATTORNEYS

PATENTS that protect are procured through PACIFIC COAST PATENT AGENCY, Inc., Saving and Loan Building, Stockton, California.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$9,000 offered for certain inventions. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in Manufacturers' Journals.

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Atty's Est. 16 Years 1034 F. St, Washington, D. C.

An Effective Combination.

Rankin—What's become of Smearson, the artist?

Phyle—He is on Easy street now.

Rankin—How did he get his wealth?

Phyle—Married a militant suffragette.

Rankin—Woman with money?

Phyle—No, she didn't have a dollar

Rankin—Well, then—

Phyle—They made an arrangement by which she publicly slashed every picture be painted, and the advertising made him famous.—Judge.

END STOMACH TROUBLE, GASES OR DYSPEPSIA

"Pape's Diapepsin" Makes Sick, Sour, Gassy Stomachs Surely Feel Fine in Five Minutes.

If what you just ate is souring on your stomach or lies like a lump of lead, refusing to digest, or you belch gas, and eructate sour, undigested food, or have a feeling of dizziness, heartburn, fullness, nausea, bad taste in mouth and stomach-headache, you can get blessed relief in five minutes. Put an end to stomach trouble forever by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia of any stomach disorder. It's the quickest, surest stomach doctor in the world. It's wonderful.

Waste of Time.

"Felice tells me that she wants to go out into the world and do something for humanity."

"Has she any plans?"

"None of any practical value. She wants to distribute soap among newsboys."

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids; No Smarting—just Eye Comfort. Write for Book of the Eye by mail Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Sight Unseen.

"What do you think of the location they have selected for the new railroad terminal, Mrs. Nurich?"

"I haven't given much thought to it but I heard my husband say it's a perfect sight."—Buffalo Express.

Rheumatic Throat Is Common Trouble

Should Be Treated in Blood To Prevent Recurrence.

There are successful gargles that stop soreness in the throat, but to prevent their incessant return, the blood must be put in order. The best remedy is S. S. S., as it influences all the functions of the body to neutralize the irritants or waste products and to stimulate their excretion through the proper channels.

Rheumatic sore throat is a dangerous indication, as it means that the blood is loaded with more uric acid than the kidneys can excrete, and may thus lead to serious general disturbance.

The action of S. S. S. stimulates cellular activity. It prevents the accumulation of irritants in local spots. It enables the arteries to supply quickly the new red blood to replace worn-out tissue.

For this reason uric acid that finds the throat an easy prey to its breaking-down influence, is scattered and eliminated. In other words, S. S. S. prevents chronic conditions by enabling all the mucous linings of the body to secrete healthy mucus. Its influence is shown in a marked improvement of the bronchial tubes, whereby the huskiness of voice with thick, grayish expectorations is overcome. S. S. S., well diluted with water, means a blood bath, since it is welcome to any stomach and at once gets into the blood.

S. S. S. is free of all minerals and contains ingredients wonderfully conducive to well-balanced health.

You can get it at any drug store, but do not accept anything else. There is danger in substitutes. S. S. S. is prepared only by The Swift Specific Co., 528 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. Our Medical Dept. will give you free instruction by mail on any subject of blood disorders. Write today.

HER FAMILY RELIC

Story of Coonskin Cap With Three Striped Tails Behind.

By MARTHA M'CULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"I am not your Baby Bunting, but I do wish, dad, you'd catch me a little rabbit skin," Prue coaxed. "Several rabbit skins, indeed. Mrs. Jessy tans them beautiful—and says she'll show me how."

"What are they good for?" dad questioned, wonderingly. "Nobody wears skin caps any more. I doubt if you could even give away your grandpap's coonskin, though it's perfectly good. I've kept it packed in tobacco because he wore it through the log cabin campaign back in 1840."

"Oh! Please give it to me! Then—I won't bother you about the rabbit skins," Prue cried, excitedly.

Her father looked at her over the tops of his glasses, smiling shrewdly. "I hardly think you'll try to wear it—when you see it," he said. "Even though it has three mighty fine tails at the back and is lined with copperas homespun."

"Get it! I'm wild for it," Prue all but commanded.

Squire Hazen got up sighing—he had settled himself for a half hour's ease with the weekly paper, while the men and teams rested. "Now, where did I put it? In the cowhide trunk? Or the big chest? Or some of them plunder-barrels out in the lumber house? Blamed if I recollect. But it certainly is somewhere. I don't believe, though, you'll find it worth the trouble of hunting up."

"I know I shan't—not for me myself," Prue admitted. "But say, daddy—do you know about antiques? And heirlooms? Some folks are wild for them. Oh, do make hasty haste! I can hardly stand it—waiting to see."

"Oh, I remember now—it's in the new hatbox—the last one I got—with the bell-crowned hat, you know—the year your mother died," the squire said briskly.

He mounted the stairs alertly, and after a bit of rummaging came down with a shapeless clump of something in loaf-sugar purple paper that gave out a scent of tobacco, red pepper and camphor so pungent it made him sneeze violently.

"Indeed I won't sun it," she protested; "won't even air it, after one good look. The smell is a certificate of character—proving we've had the cap since the year one—"

"No. Only 1840. I thought I told you," the squire explained carefully.

Prue did not answer—she was too busy mining for the cap, as she mined noting each fold of the enveloping papers, so she could put them back just as she found them. Presently she drew out something splendidly clumsy, a home-sewn fur cap, with, sure enough, three ringed tails pendant behind. The lining was as brilliant as ever, marked faintly in the center with the bear-grease which had subdued the too abundant locks of the original wearer. There was no visor—only a roll of rich fur for brow-shade. It had not lost a hair, albeit the skin beneath was flinty. Prue danced about, the cap high on her right hand, crying between steps:

"Don't say I'm an extortioner, daddy—but it is going to cost the Dunton family just $100 to take back home with them this 'relic of a revolutionary ancestor.' You know they're here especially to hunt relics. Can't you remember, please, that this went to some of those tiresome Indian wars?"

"It might," the squire admitted. "But I don't know any farther back than the log-cabin-and-hard-cider time. Still, you surely are joking about the price. Why two dollars would be little short of highway robbery."

"Your commercial education is very deficient, sir," Prue said, pursing her lips. "Where God goes and gives money like wool, I at least feel it my duty to do a little shearing."

"You ask the Duntons for it; they ought to know what things are worth to them," the squire said, going to the lot where the men were getting the mules.

Prue ran to the 'phone the minute the door shut on him, did some very diplomatic but energetic talking, then rushed upstairs, flung on her fall suit, looked at her image with sparkling eyes, seeing in imagination how she would look when the cap had been transmuted into stole and muff; then ran down, picked up the hatbox in which she had carefully replaced the cap, loaded it into the buckboard which stood ready at the stile and drove triumphantly away, sitting very straight, chin in air.

Day Molly, fat, fresh and speedy, was pining for exercise. She had had only one scant jog in two days. So when another vehicle whirred up behind she lay down to her work like a good fellow. When she chose nothing on four legs in the county could give her its dust. This was one of her times for choosing not to take it.

Before Prue realized it she was racing over the dirt road at a rate that made the buckboard jounce wildly at the rough spots and swing perilously in rounding turns. The other vehicle had not come quite abreast—Prue would not be so underbred as to turn and stare at it.

Presently she heard it stop short, then come on faster than ever. As it approached her there was shouting—just what she did not make out. Molly took it evidently for a further challenge. They were coming to a rocky stretch, but she went over it full tilt, with a result that half away across it a trace snapped short off.

Molly did not mind such a trifle—but Prue was wiser. Tugging hard at the reins she stopped the mare by turning her into a fence corner. As she sat there ruefully wondering if after all she could not keep her solemn engagement with the Duntons, pursuit became overtaking—a man said, "Young lady, this is providential. I never should have caught up with you to give you back what you lost."

"Lost," Prue echoed, suddenly looking behind. The buckboard was bare—and the man held out to her the hatbox crushed out of all shape. "Ran over it before I could stop," he explained. He had got down and walked to her side to add: "I hope I have not broken anything. Hat boxes are so full of possibilities I tremble at sight of them."

"Nothing's broken—unless maybe my luck," Prue answered giggling. Then artlessly, she explained, winding up: "The Duntons are going on the down train tonight—so this is my only onliest chance. Otherwise I'd have made them come to me. Now—maybe I can get there in time—it all depends on whether between us we can mend that wretched trace."

"I doubt it. You see, I'm a duffer at such things," the stranger explained. "But suppose we do this: let me drive you to the gate at the parsonage—you say the Duntons have boarded there—you can walk in and make out your accident was just outside—"

"But, won't it take you out of your way?" Prue demanded, flushing red.

"Not a bit," the stranger answered, smiling consolingly. "In fact I have to pass the place; the parsonage was one of my landmarks."

"So you're strange here," Prue commented.

He nodded. "Yes. But for that, I'd change rigs with you and let you drive all the way. It happens I also have an engagement to keep. With a lady—you see I can't very well break it. Is it a bargain? I assure you I'm respectable at least."

"Dear me! Who would think it?" Prue said lawlessly, beginning to laugh and scramble down. The stranger smiled wickedly. In a wink they were away, going at a slapping gait that made up for time lost.

Thus Prue was able to walk into the parsonage living room exactly to the minute of promise. She was looking her best—flushed and happy. Mrs. Dunton liked the look of her so well she did not in the least demur at the price. "It's ridiculously cheap at a hundred," she said, so heartily Prue blushed beet-red. She wanted to get away quickly—home was a long way off, but Mrs. Dunton kept her, assuring her she must not think either of walking or risking that frisky mare again. She would be sent home properly—trust Mrs. Dunton for that—with her check and the very best grateful thanks of that lady. Meantime, she must have tea—it was almost time. It really seemed as though the rich lady purposely detained the girl, who felt herself a shameless plunderer. She had confessed as much to her unknown rescuer. He had laughed at her conscience, saying with a twinkle, "Don't you know things are worth what they will fetch?"

Prue did not think so now. Under the warm human kindness of the woman she had thought a pretender, she grew restive. She got up meaning to say, "Now I really must go, but you are not to bother sending me," when in walked her knight of the road, smiling at her quizzically as he was smothered in Mrs. Dunton's well-nourished arms. "Joseph, my son, Miss Hazen," that lady made haste to explain. "Only think, he has come all this way because he won't let his old mammy and his pet sister make a journey alone. Now, what do you think of that?"

"That he is very kind," Prue answered, looking down, wishing the earth would swallow her. He had taken her hand though she did not hold it out. As he pressed it gently he said under his breath, "I'm positive I never saw you before. And just as positive I mean to see you again."

He kept his word. Today, Mrs. Prudence Dunton is a very happy woman, noted for her poise, yet she blushes unaccountably whenever she looks at one of the family relics—a coonskin cap with three striped tails behind and a copperas homespun lining.

Yes, Indeed.

"Ostend is having some stirring times now."

"True. Still, Ostend is used to that."

"How so?"

"In days gone by whenever a French actress appeared on the beach in a new bathing suit there was a great deal of excitement."

Time of Changes.

"Pa, how do you like my map of Europe? I drew it for the prize competition next week."

"It doesn't look much like the map of Europe as I know it, my boy. But who can say that it won't be all right next week?"—Louisville Courier Journal.

Heading Her Off.

"Why do you keep yelping about the expense of your vacation?"

"My wife is getting ready to start early Christmas shopping. I know the signs and want to delay things as long as I can."—Kansas City Journal.

ATTILA, KING OF THE HUNS

Warrior-Barbarian Who Ravaged a Great Part of Europe in the Fifth Century.

"Like the Huns under Attila" is a phrase which is on everybody's lips at the present time. Yet comparatively few people know by whom it was first used, or understand the reference.

It was with these words that the kaiser bid farewell to his troops when they were dispatched to China to help to put down the Boxer rising. "Gain a reputation like the Huns under Attila," he told them, says London Tit-Bits. The significance of the advice will be appreciated when it is realized that Attila was a barbaric chief whose ravages in Europe about the beginning of the fifth century gained for him the name of "the Scourge of God." The leader of countless hordes of Huns, who were a Mongol race which crossed the Volga and struck terror into Europe, he was regarded by his men with superstitious reverence and by Christendom with superstitious dread. Among the acts which were committed by his direction were the following:

Bleda, his brother and co-chieftain, put to death.

All the countries between the Black sea and the Mediterranean devastated and pillaged.

Thrace, Macedon and Greece overrun and 70 flourishing cities devastated.

Several cities in Italy razed to the ground and their inhabitants put to the sword.

Conquered peoples either killed or forced to follow in his train as prisoners.

Yet for all this ruthlessness Attila was a magnificent soldier and a striking personality. He was induced to spare Rome from destruction by the personal mediation of Pope Leo I, who is said to have subdued his ferocity into awe by the apostolic majesty of his mien. This deliverance was regarded as a miracle by the affrighted Romans, and old chroniclers relate that the Apostles Peter and Paul appeared in Attila's camp and changed his purpose.

Attila died on the night of his marriage with the beautiful Hilda—possibly by her hand. His death spread consternation through the host of Huns, who cut themselves with knives, shaved their heads and then prepared to celebrate the funeral rites of their king. His body was placed in three coffins—the first of gold, the second of silver and the third of iron. The caparisons of his horses with his arms and ornaments were buried with him, while the captives employed to make his grave were all put to death so that none might betray the last resting place of Attila, king of the Huns.

IF YOUR CHILD IS CROSS, FEVERISH, CONSTIPATED

Look, Mother! If Tongue Is Coated, Cleanse Little Bowels With "California Syrup of Figs."

Mothers can rest easy after giving "California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all the clogged-up waste, sour bile and fermenting food gently moves out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

Great Argentine Statesman.

Dr. Ramuelo Naon, ambassador of Argentina to this country, was appointed minister of Argentina to the United States in 1910, and was later raised to the rank of ambassador. In 1900 he was appointed official secretary to the governor of the province of Buenos Aires. Two years later he was elected to the lower house of the federal congress, and by 1906 he had made a great reputation for himself as an able debater and an authority on public affairs. He for several years filled the position of professor of civics in the National college and professor of constitutional law in his alma mater. Then he became secretary of justice and public instruction. In that position he increased his reputation by founding schools of secondary instruction in the interior of his country.

Writers of War—Past and Present.

What wars I have seen have taken place in spots isolated and inaccessible, far from the haunts of men. By day you followed the fight and tried to find the censor, and at night you sat on a cracker box and by the light of a candle struggled to keep awake and to write deathless prose. In Belgium it was not like that. The motor car which Gerald Morgan of the London Daily Telegraph and I shared was of surpassing beauty, speed and comfort. It was as long as a Plant freight car and as yellow; and from it flapped in the breeze more English, Belgian, French and Russian flags than fly from the roof of the New York Hippodrome. Whenever we sighted an army we lashed the flags of its country to our headlights, and at 60 miles an hour bore down upon it.—Richard Harding Davis in Scribner's Magazine.

Plan a Lee Highway Now.

A project which is being considered in the South and which is receiving considerable publicity is the Lee Highway, which it is proposed will run parallel to the Lincoln highway, although south of the old Mason and Dixon line bisecting the two Virginias.

Weak Women!

Some women are weak because of ills that are common

In Girlhood—Womanhood and Motherhood

The prescription which Dr. R. V. Pierce used most successfully—in diseases of women—which has stood the test of nearly half a century—is

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Take this in liquid or tablet form as a tonic and regulator!

Mrs. Kate D. Richardson, of Beazley, Essex Co., Va., says, "I esteem it a pleasure to testify to the wonderful curative qualities of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For some years I suffered greatly with weakness peculiar to my sex. I was treated by several physicians but gradually grew worse. One of my friends told me of the good results of your "Favorite Prescription." I went to the drug store and got a bottle, and after taking it, with the "Pleasant Pellets," I commenced to get better. I never knew what happiness was, for I was always sick and complaining and made others as well as myself unhappy. So you see what a debt I owe you!"

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate stomach, liver, bowels

WORMS

"Wormy," that's what's the matter of 'em. Stomach and intestinal worms. Nearly as bad as distemper. Cost you too much to feed 'em. Look bad—are bad. Don't physic 'em to death. Spohn's Cure will remove the worms, improve the appetite, and tone 'em up all around, and don't "physic." Acts on glands and blood. Full directions with each bottle, and sold by all druggists.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists, Goshen, Ind., U. S. A.

MACHINERY CAUGHT HIS EYE

Scientific Farmer Gets Joy From Foibles of Kentuckian Who Don't Believe in "Dingdoodles."

Senator Camden of Kentucky, himself a scientific farmer, gets joy from the foibles of the practical Kentuckian who does not believe in "dingdoodles," but sticks to the rudimental method of tilling the soil.

Several times each year Senator Camden invites his neighbors, among whom are a number of the practical boys, to visit his farm.

"One elderly gentleman," said Senator Camden, in telling of one of these parties, "went over the place carefully. He examined the different types of machinery which I had introduced. The harvesting machinery, the reapers and the traction engines caught his eye. He turned to me.

"'This newfangled junk may be all right,' he said, 'but I'm durned if I can figure out what you do.'"—Washington Star.

DON'T GET RUN DOWN,

Weak and miserable. If you have Kidney or Bladder trouble, Headache, Backache, Dizziness, Nervousness, and feel tired all over, get a package of MOTHER GRAY'S AROMATIC LEAF. It never fails. Sold by all Druggists or sent by mail for 50c. Sample sent FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.—Adv.

COSTS A WHOLE LOT.

Harry—What is the most expensive education that you know of?

Leonard—Learning the names and past performances of a lot of race horses.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules. Easy to take as candy—Adv.

Hens His Application.

"Here's a Swiss named Egg who lives in New York petitioning to have his name changed."

"Sort of an egg shake, eh? What's the trouble?"

"He and his wife have four children and his family is constantly referred to as 'the half dozen Eggs.' He claims his yolk is too heavy to be borne."

"Why doesn't he lay for his tormentors?"

"It appears that he did once and got beaten, whipped to a froth. Poor Egg could barely scramble home."

Willing to Work.

Taking pity on the tattered wanderer, the kindly housewife asked sympathetically:

"But why don't you go to work?"

"I would," the tramp replied, "but the war has made work scarce in my line."

"What is your line?"

"I'm a hunger strike breaker."—Youngstown Telegram.

10 CENT "CASCARETS" FOR LIVER AND BOWELS

Cure Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath—Candy Cathartic.

No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—you always get relief with Cascarets. They immediately cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour, fermenting food and foul gases; take the excess bile from the liver and carry off the constipated waste matter and poison from the intestines and bowels. A 10-cent box from your druggist will keep your liver and bowels clean; stomach sweet and head clear for months. They work while you sleep.

Socially Impossible.

"I thought you liked your new friends so much?"

"So I do, but I just had to give them up—they own such a cheap car."—Puck.

HERE IS A GOOD WAY TO GET RID OF PIMPLES

Bathe your face for several minutes with resinol soap and hot water, then apply a little resinol ointment very gently. Let this stay on ten minutes, and wash off with resinol soap and more hot water, finishing with a dash of cold water to close the pores. Do this once or twice a day, and you will be astonished to find how quickly the healing, antiseptic resinol medication soothes and cleanses the pores, removes pimples and blackheads, and leaves the complexion clear and velvety. All druggists sell resinol soap and resinol ointment.—Adv.

Derivation Explained.

Inkblotz—Toronto is an Indian name signifying a place of meeting.

Smudgely—How do you suppose it got the name?

Inkblotz—It may have been a get together place for absconding American bankers in the early days.—Youngstown Telegram.

WOMAN IN BAD CONDITION

Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Montpelier, Vt. — "We have great faith in your remedies. I was very irregular and was tired and sleepy all the time, would have cold chills, and my hands and feet would bloat. My stomach bothered me, I had pain in my side and a bad headache most of the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me lots of good and I now feel fine. I am regular, my stomach is better and my pains have all left me. You can use my name if you like. I am proud of what your remedies have done for me." — Mrs. MARY GAUTHIER, 21 Ridge St., Montpelier, Vt.

An Honest Dependable Medicine

It must be admitted by every fair-minded, intelligent person, that a medicine could not live and grow in popularity for nearly forty years, and to-day hold a record for thousands upon thousands of actual cures, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, without possessing great virtue and actual worth. Such medicines must be looked upon and termed both standard and dependable by every thinking person.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

When Writing Advertisers Please Mention This Paper.

S. F. N. U. - - - - - - - - - - 5, 1915

KOW-KURE is a scientific cow medicine, which has a direct and lasting tonic effect on the organs of digestion. For over twenty years it has been the standard medicine for the prevention and treatment of such common cow ailments as Abortion, Retained Afterbirth, Barrenness, Milk Fever, Scouring and Lost Appetite.
You cannot afford to let a cow get down in health. Better keep Kow-Kure constantly on hand. Sold by feed dealers and druggists in 50c and $1.00 packages.
Valuable treatise, "The Cow Doctor," is yours for the asking.
DAIRY ASSOCIATION CO.
Lyndonville, Vt.
KOW-KURE

CAMPBELL

INTERURBAN PRESS

Published every Friday by

HARRY C. SMITH

Entered as second-class matter September 30, 1904, at the Postoffice at Campbell, California under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Subscription, $1.00 per Year in Advance.

Locals, 5c per Line each insertion.

Display Adv., (2 or more inches) 50c an inch per month. 1 inch 75c per month.

Notices of Entertainments where a charge is made, Cards of Thanks, Resolutions of Condolence, etc., 5c per line.

SOCIETIES.

Masonic Notice

Charity Lodge, No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Cal. Stated meetings held on the second Monday of each month.

I. W. Snow, W. M.

James Fablinger, Secretary.

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge, No. 42, meets every Thursday evening in Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning brothers are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.

Nelson A. Blake, Noble Grand.

O. D. Poston, Secretary.

Patrons of Husbandry

Orchard City Grange, No. 393, meets on the second and fourth Tuesday evenings at the Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.

E. K. Clendenning, Worthy Master.

Mrs. Edna Keesling, Worthy Secretary.

Fraternal Aid Association

Palm Leaf Council, No. 560, meets on the second and fourth Saturday evenings at Odd Fellows Hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend.

MR. ROBERT SCHOLZ, President.

Mrs. S. J. Brandenburg, Secretary.

JOHN F. DUNCAN
Notary Public
Office: Bank of Campbell

DR. W. I. MERRILL
Physician and Surgeon
Office Formerly Occupied by Dr. Cooper
Office Hours
1 to 4 and 7 to 8
Holidays and Sundays 12 to 1
Office and Residence Phone 31 J

L. D. BOHNETT
W. C. BOHNETT
Attorneys and Counselors
313-314 Bank of San Jose Building.
Phone, 2239 Notary Public
Residence, 899 Delmas Ave., Phone, S. J. 5735

DR. T. L. BLANCHARD
Physician and Surgeon
Office: B. O. CURRY BLDG.
Hours, 3:30-5 p. m.
Sundays and holidays 10-11 a. m.
Office Phone, Campbell 45J

DR. J. C. WASSON
DENTIST
CURRY BUILDING CAMPBELL, CAL.
Office Hours 9:30 to 4
Evenings and Sundays by appointment
Phones
Home San Jose 1933L
Office Campbell 45L

Dr. Ernest A. Abbott
Dentist
Room 6 PORTER BUILDING
Phone San Jose 2447 San Jose, Cal.

J. C. Lloyd
General Repairing
Horse shoeing $1.50 and $2.00

The wagons of the
California Cleaning and Dyeing Works
call regularly Tuesday and Friday of each week at the homes of Campbell for work. Prompt delivery.
FIRST CLASS CLEANING GUARANTEED
Leave orders at
The Campbell Bakery
R. Engel, Agent
Works at
387 W. Santa Clara St., San Jose

Robert L. Blaine
News Agent for Daily San Francisco Papers
Delivered at Your Door

Rainfall To Date

For month of October	.48 inches
" " November	.67 "
" " December	4.97 "
Total to 8 A. M. today	9.24 "
Total to Jan. 21 last year	17.61 "

For Sale

A good young horse, a good two seated surrey and single harness for sale. Inquire at this office.

PAYROLL OF CIVILIZATION MET BY FARMER

WANTS NO "DEADHEADS" ON LIST OF EMPLOYES.

A CALL UPON THE LAW MAKERS TO PREVENT USELESS TAX UPON AGRICULTURE.

By Peter Radford,
Lecturer National Farmers' Union.

The farmer is the paymaster of industry and as such he must meet the nation's payroll. When industry pays its bill it must make a sight draft upon agriculture for the amount, which the farmer is compelled to honor without protest. This check drawn upon agriculture may travel to and fro over the highways of commerce; may build cities; girdle the globe with bands of steel; may search hidden treasures in the earth or traverse the skies, but in the end it will rest upon the soil. No dollar will remain suspended in midair; it is as certain to seek the earth's surface as an apple that falls from a tree.

When a farmer buys a plow he pays the man who mined the metal, the woodman who felled the tree, the manufacturer who assembled the raw material and shaped it into an article of usefulness, the railroad that transported it and the dealer who sold him the goods. He pays the wages of labor and capital employed in the transaction as well as pays for the tools, machinery, buildings, etc., used in the construction of the commodity and the same applies to all articles of use and diet of himself and those engaged in the subsidiary lines of industry.

There is no payroll in civilization that does not rest upon the back of the farmer. He must pay the bills—all of them.

The total value of the nation's annual agricultural products is around $12,000,000,000, and it is safe to estimate that 95 cents on every dollar goes to meeting the expenses of subsidiary industries. The farmer does not work more than thirty minutes per day for himself; the remaining thirteen hours of the day's toil he devotes to meeting the payroll of the hired hands of agriculture, such as the manufacturer, railroad, commercial and other servants.

The Farmer's Payroll and How He Meets It.

The annual payroll of agriculture approximates $12,000,000,000. A portion of the amount is shifted to foreign countries in exports, but the total payroll of industries working for the farmer divides substantially as follows: Railroads, $1,252,000,000; manufacturers, $4,365,000,000; mining, $655,000,000; banks, $200,000,000; mercantile $3,500,000,000, and a heavy miscellaneous payroll constitutes the remainder.

It takes the corn crop, the most valuable in agriculture, which sold last year for $1,692,000,000, to pay off the employes of the railroads; the money derived from our annual sales of livestock of approximately $2,000,000,000, the yearly cotton crop, valued at $920,000,000; the wheat crop, which is worth $610,000,000, and the oat crop, that is worth $440,000,000, are required to meet the annual payroll of the manufacturers. The money derived from the remaining staple crops is used in meeting the payroll of the bankers, merchants, etc. After these obligations are paid, the farmer has only a few bunches of vegetables, some fruit and poultry which he can sell and call the proceeds his own.

When the farmer pays off his help he has very little left and to meet these tremendous payrolls he has been forced to mortgage homes, work women in the field and increase the hours of his labor. We are, therefore, compelled to call upon all industries dependent upon the farmers for subsistence to retrench in their expenditures and to cut off all unnecessary expenses. This course is absolutely necessary in order to avoid a reduction in wages, and we want, if possible, to retain the present wage scale paid railroad and all other industrial employes.

We will devote this article to a discussion of unnecessary expenses and whether required by law or permitted by the managements of the concerns, is wholly immaterial. We want all waste labor and extravagance, of whatever character, cut out. We will mention the full crew bill

THE poll tax amendment carried at the last election has already begun to show its effects in various parts of the state. San Francisco is short $130,000. It has been scientifically worked out that each school district will lose about $2.82 per pupil as the direct result of the poll tax elimination amendment. Many of the educators and economists of the state are already at work searching for some means by which this deficit may be overcome. To our own grammar and high school districts it will mean a loss of approximately $1500. It looks as though the voters had been over-anxious to make a change. Such changes should not be made without some adequate substitute being thought out previously. It would seem quite proper to start another initiative to strike out this amendment.

Local and Personal

Frank Cutting has been making extensive changes in his home on Hamilton Ave.

Remember the dates February 2, February 22 and March 16. Season tickets may be had at Press Office 50 cents.

J. W. Tawney has sold his five-acre home property on Los Gatos Road. The new owner expects to take possession soon.

"Don't fail to buy a season ticket to the Epworth League Course of Entertainments Three splendid numbers for 50 cents."

The M. E. Ladies' Aid will give a Violet Tea, Tuesday, Feb. 9th from 2 to 5 p. m. The place will be announced next week.

W. C. McCaughey, father of Mrs. Arthur Robinson, was operated upon last Thursday morning and is doing exceptionally well for a man of his years.

The Parents and Teachers Club of the Cambrian School will meet Friday afternoon, Jan. 29th, at 3 o'clock. Judge Gosbey will address the meeting. Everybody is invited.

The Harmonic Orchestra of San Jose, whose music has been a source of enjoyment to many audiences this winter, is billed for a special engagement in Mountain View February 4th.

Special Home talent will hold sway March 16th. There are some surprises in store for Campbellites. Home Talent draws a crowded house so buy a season ticket and be sure of a seat.

Mrs. G. B. Cowles gave a very interesting lecture on Zululand, exhibiting a number of curios of that place, before the Missionary society of the Santa Clara Presbyterian church Wednesday afternoon.

Monday evening the Congregational gymnasium will be opened for regular weekly Class work. One of the instructors of the San Jose Y. M. C. A. has been engaged to give this work to the boys every Monday.

Campbell will be favored with an evening of splendid music, a treat to all music lovers, February 22nd. The Harmonic Orchestra comes under the auspices of the Epworth League in their course of Entertainments February 2nd, February 22nd and March 16th.

Our High team which is now champion of the Santa Clara county schools will soon meet San Mateo champions in a contest to decide the Peninsular honors. Arrangements are being planned whereby a party of rooters will accompany the team. Our boys will be to the disadvantage of playing on a floor and will need to work the harder.

Annual Installation

The Fraternal Aid held its installation Saturday evening in Odd Fellows Hall, after which a fine banquet was served. The following officers were installed. President, R. S. Scholz; Vice-President, Mrs. C. Townsend; Past President, W. R. Coupland; Secretary, Mrs. S. F. Brandenburg; Treasurer, Mrs. J. H. Campbell; Chaplain, Mrs. W. W. Dunham; Observer, J. H. Campbell; Sentinel, Mrs. Mabel Henry; Guide, Mrs. J. W. Lancaster; Musician, Mrs. Claude Gard; Reporter, Mrs. J. H. Frost. J. D. Sawyer acted as installing officer.

Congregational Church

"The Friendly Church just around the Corner."

Next Sunday morning the Pastor will begin a series of Pre-Easter sermons on "The Builders of the Cross."

Jan. 31-The Men of Jerusalem
Feb. 7-Judas
Feb. 14-Peter
Feb. 21-Caiaphas
Feb. 28- [Dr. J. K. Brown]
Mar. 7-Herod
Mar. 14-Pilate
Mar. 21-Simon of Cyrene
Mar. 28-The Two Thieves
April 4-Easter

From the Cross there issues a penetrating power which makes the inner life visible. Men who touched that "Supreme Tragedy of the World" had their characters discovered. The secret of their soul's structure, shown.

Remember the dates and topics of these studies and with your friends come.

To the boys and girls the Pastor will speak on "A Cipher with the edges knocked off." Sunday-School and C. E. as usual.

The evening topic at 7:30 is "Work that Abides." You are welcome.

GEO. E. ATKINSON, Pastor.

Death of Mrs. Stewart's Father

Herman K. Boomer, one of the best known citizens of Yuba county, dropped dead at his home eight miles northeast of Marysville yesterday about noon. He was seventy-nine years old October 12th last, and had been suffering with heart trouble for some time, although it was not thought his condition was serious. Yesterday about noon he walked out into the yard, feeling as well as usual, and while engaged in working about his trees he was attacked with heart trouble and expired shortly.

The deceased has been a resident of Yuba county for more than thirty-eight years, having come from Reslor county, New York, the county of his birth, to this section. He was well known all over the county and made frequent visits to Marysville, during which time he would spend much of his time about the county court house. He was a veteran of the civil war and related with much interest his experiences during that struggle. He was always healthful and robust and until the past couple of years he never knew what it was to be ill. His illness then was not considered such as to cause his friends or relatives apprehension and his ultimely death will be mourned by many people of this section.

He is survived by his widow, one son, Almon, three daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Smiley of Whitmore, Shasta county; Mrs. Annie Stewart of Campbell, Santa Clara county, and Mrs. Edith Taber of Vacaville. He also has a sister in the state of Iowa.

The funeral took place on Friday and was largely attended by sorrowing friends and neighbors. Rev. S. J. Buck of the First Methodist Church of Marysville conducted the services and the choir rendered the deceased's favorite hymns "Nearer My God to Thee" and "Rock of Ages." The pall bearers were chosen from among his neighbors. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Stewart attended the funeral returning Wednesday.

W. C. T. U. Notes

In spite of occasional showers, over twenty ladies gathered at the home of Mrs. Whitman at the regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. Wednesday. After devotional exercises, the Declarations of Principles were read in Unison. Committee reported that twenty-four letters were promised in the matter of protesting against making the saloons necessary to the Education of our children and thereby more firmly entrenching the liquor traffic in our State. Beside these letters, several organizations have sent similar protests. In reply, a letter was read from Hon. H. C. Jones whose position upon the Subject is a matter of congratulation.

A communication from the county officers was also read giving plans of work for the coming year.

It being Mother's Day upon the Calendar, articles upon the following topics were read and discussed, "Why baby is unreasonable, and what to do"; "The use of punishment"; "Children's manners"; closing with, "A tribute to mother"; and "The Girl part of the Boy Problem." Miss Clara Pope accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Harris, gave two sweet Solos—"Calvary," and "One Sweetly Solemn Thought."

Following the program a social hour was enjoyed when all repaired to the dining room and were served with light refreshments by the hostess and her daughter.

COMMITTEES APPOINTED

The first regular meeting of the Improvement Club was held Friday evening. After discussions of the various matters of improvement the following standing committees were appointed by President B. O. Curry.

Public Improvements Committee: S. G. Rodeck, E. G. Lanz, J. F. Duncan.

Lighting Committee: C. B. Miracle, Ed. Genasci, J. D. Sawyer.

Advertising Com.—Prof. R. Zeidler, C. H. Whitman, E. R. Kennedy.

School Com.—C. H. Whitman, R. K. Thomas, R. Alison.

Fire Com.—Warren Shelley, H. C. Smith, F. S. Newcomb.

Finance Committee: J. F. Duncan, T. L. Sharp, W. T. Morton.

Membership Committee: A. J. Farley, Ed. C. Barker, P. B. Payne.

Roads and Highways: R. K. Thomas, J. L. Hagelin, Geo. E. Hyde.

Conklin's self-fillers write right. See them at Smith's.

Ralph Gratton, who was so seriously ill with pneumonia, was operated upon last week for abscess of the lungs.

Low Round Trip Rates TO SAN DIEGO
For The San Diego Fair
Tickets Sold January 1st to February 28th.
Going Limit 2 Days
Return Limit Three Months from Date of Sale
Stopovers Allowed Both Going and Returning.
SOUTHERN PACIFIC

- LEGAL -

Santa Clara Valley Water Company

Notice of Meeting of Stockholders to Consider Creating and Increasing Bonded Indebtedness

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the Santa Clara Valley Water Company, which was unanimously adopted at a regularly called meeting of said Board of Directors, duly held at the principal place of business and office of the Company at the Northeast corner of Campbell Avenue and Central Avenue in the town of Campbell, in the County of Santa Clara, State of California, on Tuesday, the 22nd day of December, 1914, at four o'clock P. M., a special general meeting of the stockholders of the Santa Clara Valley Water Company will be held on Wednesday, the 24th day of February, 1915, at the hour of two o'clock P. M. at the office of E. R. Kennedy, its Secretary, at the Northeast corner of Campbell Avenue and Central Avenue, in the town of Campbell, in Santa Clara County, California, (that being the principal place of business and the office of said Company and the building where the Board of Directors usually meet), for the purpose of considering and acting upon a proposition to create a bonded indebtedness of said Company to the amount of Fifteen thousand dollars ($15,000) in Gold Coin of the United States of America, and thereby to increase its bonded indebtedness from Eight thousand dollars ($8000) to Fifteen thousand dollars ($15,000), in Gold Coin of the United States of America, and to secure the same by a mortgage or deed of trust upon all the real and personal property of the Company to be described in said mortgage or deed of trust and to provide the terms and conditions thereof as authorized and directed by the Railroad Commission of the State of California, and to do every thing else in relation thereto to the end and for the purpose of providing means and raising money, (1) for retiring and refunding its present bonded indebtedness of Eight thousand dollars ($8000), and (2) for discharging its floating indebtedness of one thousand four hundred and fifty-five dollars ($1455), and (3) for making immediate improvements and betterments for the maintenance of service to the amount of Five hundred and forty-five dollars ($545), and (4) for raising and providing Five thousand dollars ($5000) for the purchase of property, maintenance or improvement of service, or construction, completion, extension or improvement of facilities of the Water Company, as hereafter may become necessary and as directed and authorized by the Railroad Commission of the State of California, all within its corporate powers and within the purposes and objects of the corporation.

Dated this 24th day of December, 1914.

By the order of the Board of Directors.

E. R. KENNEDY,
Secretary of the Santa Clara Valley Water Company.
(Corporate Seal.)

Notice of Time Set For Probate of Will In the Superior Court of the County of Santa Clara, State of California

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY CAUFFMAN, Deceased.

A document purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Mary Cauffman, Deceased, having on the 19th day of January, A. D. 1915, come into the possession of said Superior Court, and a petition for the probate thereof and for the issuance of letters Testamentary to Ida C. Price and John F. Duncan, having been filed by said Ida C. Price and John F. Duncan with me, the clerk of said Court, notice is hereby given that Friday, the 5th day of February, A. D. 1915, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day in Department 2 at the Court room of said Court, at the Court House, in the City of San Jose, in the County of Santa Clara, has been set as the time and place for proving the will of said Mary Cauffman, deceased and for hearing the application of said Ida C. Price and John F. Duncan for the issuance to them of Letters Testamentary when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same.

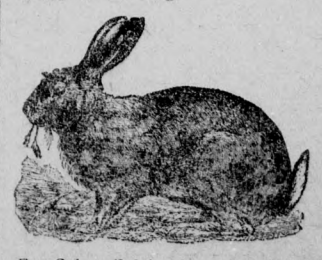
Given under my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court, this 19th day of January, 1915.

HENRY A. PFISTER,
Clerk.
By W. DENKER,
Deputy Clerk.

W. C. BOHNETT,
Attorney for Petitioners.

For Sale

Pure bred Rhode Island Red Cockrells and eggs for hatching.



For Sale: Belgian hare and Flemish Giant does for breeding purposes. Flemish Giant at stud. Prices reasonable. JOHN SPENCER.
Campbell R. 10, Sunnyside ave.

Prepare now for Dear Eggs Next Fall

If the farmer wishes to benefit by the high prices that eggs are certain to bring next fall and winter, he should begin to get ready for them at once, say the poultry specialists in the department. The way to have eggs late in the year is to hatch pullets early. It is the early hatches from which the early pullets are derived that are the largest money makers for the poultry producer. The early hatched cockerels can be marketed in almost any market in America when they attain a weight of three-fourths of a pound to a pound and a half each, which they should reach at about 6 to 10 weeks of age, respectively, at a greater profit to the producer than at any other time of their lives. The early hatched pullets, if properly grown, should begin to lay in the fall at the time when eggs are scarce and high in price.

A Few Facts to Remember

Pullets must be well matured before they will lay many eggs.

Pullets that start to lay in the fall before cold weather sets in will, as a rule, lay all winter.

It is the early hatched pullets that produce in the fall and early winter, when prices are high.

February, March, and April are the months to do your hatching in order to secure early hatched pullets.

Yearling and 2-year-old hens do not lay many eggs in the fall, as they are molting at that time, and the feed they consume goes not only to keep up the energy and life of the birds but also to put on or grow a new coat of feathers.

In properly matured pullets all surplus energy beyond that needed to meet the requirements of the body is available for the production of eggs.

Henry B. Brown
Wood-Sawing
Let us saw your orchard wood for you. 21 Dillion Avenue.
Campbell, Cal. Phone 14L

Assemblyman Wright Issues Statement

Sacramento, January 26, 1915.

Campbell Interurban Press:

Each mail is bringing to me from Santa Clara County protests against making up the deficiency in school funds by a state tax on saloons. It is impossible to answer each of these communications, and I ask the privilege of saying through your columns that I will do all in my power to prevent the passage of any such law, and furthermore, that from my acquaintance with the members of this Legislature, I do not believe that such a law will ever be passed.

Respectfully yours,
T. M. WRIGHT.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County, }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON,
(Seal) Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.